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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

FULFILLMENT.

Who planted it I do not know,
  Nor when, but hidden there
It must have laid through winter's cold,
Down in the darkness of the mold,
  With God alone to care.
But on that morning in the Spring,
  The earth still winter-bound,
When first I saw the radiant flower,
Its perfume spilling like a shower,
  My heart new courage found.

A thought grew in a prophet's heart,—
  Whence came it none may know,—
It flourished in the dark and cold,
Through agony and grief untold,—
  God only saw it grow;
This thought-flower blossomed at its time,
  And when its leaves uncurled
Its beauty vanquished doubt and pain,
Its fragrance flooded hearts of men
  And vitalized a world.

Althea A. Ogden.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXIII. THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1909 NUMBER 5

WINTER-GLORY.

Winter silence o'er the land!
  Winter beauty everywhere!
Hidden in a folded Hand,
  Waits the Glory in the air.

Quiet-grey the sky above,
  Naught in sight or sound between:
What the word, as soft as love,
  Speaks the unseen into seen?

Instant all the heavenly ways
  Brighten with the starry host,
Pressing down in mystic maze
  To enthrall the earthly coast.

Crystal-pure the wondrous shapes,
  Flashing into perfect form;
From its law not one escapes
  In the riot of the storm.

Whence your beauty, deep on deep,
  Stars that vanish as ye flit?
Can it be that atoms keep
  Richer share than souls in it?

God of glory, well I know,
  Is my life-sky grey above,
Waits thy miracle of snow,
  Radiant with law and love.

Winter-silent lies my land?
  Brooding over lies thy care!
Soon the Word, the touch of Hand,
  Then—the Glory in the air!

W. C. GANNETT.

In a recent issue of UNITY some one of our friends contributed a paragraph in reference to the former President which not only escaped editorial scrutiny, but may also have been misinterpreted by our readers. We have no evidence at hand to show that Mr. Roosevelt is partial to a brown jug, and certainly we would not seem to lend publicity to what may be a mere canard. The established truth is quite enough to be told concerning any of our public men.

Speaker Cannon promptly rewarded Congressman Fitzgerald in making committee appointments, but the announcement was greeted with hisses. Men may differ in politics and respect each other, but he who forsakes principle and party at the same time will pay the full cost of his "plums." It can hardly be a mere coincidence that the Payne Tariff Bill omits the expected increase in tax on beer and spirits. It seems to be still true, "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad." The more Congress bends the knee to the liquor interests today, the greater the "eruption" tomorrow. One need not be a prophet or the son of a prophet in order to foretell the record of the ballots in most congressional districts of this country when the champions of the liquor interests come up for re-election.

That was a splendid victory for the Municipal Voters' League when the City Council was organized on non partisan lines last Monday. Of course it is still possible for the Council to reverse itself, but if those who believe in fair play, those who love Chicago and look for her progress along the higher lines, will be as frank and free to commend the forty aldermen as the "gray wolf" element will be to condemn them, even righteousness may triumph this year. The trouble always is that the saloon element and not the church element makes itself heard. Let us tell our representatives when we approve of their actions, especially along such patriotic lines.

The failure of the Democrats in the House at Washington to stand fast with the Republican "Insurgents" in their heroic attempt to reform the organization and rules of procedure, is one of the spectacles of modern politics. Of course there is no excuse for the regular Republican leaders that they should be willing to support Mr. Cannon, or still worse, the utterly undemocratic rules of procedure, but when the "Insurgents" led the attack on their own party policy there was given to the Democrats the opportunity of winning their very shibboleth of liberty. Both partisan loyalty and supreme duty called to every Democrat, but more than a score of them proved false to their trust, proved that whether principle is stronger than partisanship or not, the love of spoils surely is! All honor to the heroic "Insurgents" who are now ignored by the czar in the speaker's chair; and may Mr. Fitzgerald and his recreant followers win the disgrace they so richly merit.

An article by Dr. Josiah Strong in *Homiletic Review* for April, gives some interesting data as to the advantages of municipal ownership of public utilities. For instance it is shown that under municipal ownerships of electric lighting in several American cities the cost has been very greatly reduced from the figure charged by a private corporation. In Aurora, Ill., a private company formerly received $325 for what the city now furnishes at $72. In Elgin the price was reduced from $228 to $62. In Fairfield, Iowa,

the former price was $375, while the city now gets $95. A similar reduction has taken place in other cities, the larger price having been due not only to the greed of the private company but also to the numerous expenses for interest on the investment and on "watered stock," for the lobby and bribery in legislation, for large salaries, business competition, etc. The study of the problem as outlined by Dr. Strong in "The Gospel of the Kingdom" series is worthy of careful consideration.

The two meetings held in New York on March 18, in memory of Grover Cleveland, proved a fitting tribute to a man whose stature continues to loom larger as the years go by. Mayor McClellan, Chief Justice Fuller, Governor Hughes and President Taft, two of them Democrats and two Republicans, were the speakers at the afternoon meeting. Mr. McClellan well said, "Mr. Cleveland was made a great leader by his faith in moral principles and his courageous identification of himself and his fortunes with them." It is too often forgotten that Grover Cleveland was the reformer before Theodore Roosevelt. Perhaps not so aggressive nor so fruitful in initiative; certainly not so successful in shaping public opinion and forcing an unwilling congress to moral action, he was none the less the ardent foe of municipal corruption in Buffalo and the vigorous champion of the noblest moral issues when president. Usually defeated by his own party his courage never faltered, and his fidelity and unswerving loyalty to ideals contributed not a little to Roosevelt's subsequent success. How great a service Grover Cleveland rendered to this country we do not even yet fully understand.

The Insanity of the Civilized Nations

Twenty-five years ago (1884) we spent less than forty millions of dollars on our army, less than eighteen millions on the navy. Through the '90s till 1898, when we began to have Spanish and Philippine war-bills to pay, the army averaged fifty millions a year. This year (1909) it costs $95,000,000, and next year is to cost $101,000,000,—*double*. Through the '90s till 1898 the navy averaged thirty millions a year; this year it costs $123,000,000, and for next year $137,000,000 are appropriated,—*more than quadruple*,—with expectation of large increase beyond. This exclusive of pensions which, during the same period, have been costing from $140,000,000 to, now, $160,000,000 a year. All told, our entail of expense for past war and our preparation for possibilities of new war are costing the country today nearly $400,000,000 a year,—more than either England or France or Germany is spending, with great standing armies and constant exposure to war-risks. Four hundred millions of dollars a year. That is more than the total cost of the national government a few years ago. We reached the "billion dollar Congress" sometime in the '90s; now we accept the "billion-dollar *session*" as a matter of course. And the national deficit this year, our new President assures us, is to be one hundred millions of dollars.

What has happened between 1898 and 1909 to account for increase like this in the army and navy expenses? First, a little war,—short, swift, unheroic and easy, as wars go. It left in our hands a distant archipelago, whose subjugation became, it was claimed, a matter of duty, while it made our republic for the first time an "imperial" power, and exposed us as never before to national temptation and peril. Since that war, ten years of profound peace between us and the rest of the world. Ten years without insult or threat. Ten years without cloud of war anywhere on our horizon, save the cloud we ourselves caused to hang over the Philippine Islands. Ten years during which we have apparently been better liked by the nations than ever yet in our history. Ten years, moreover, during which the longing and the trend of the world have been stronger toward peace than ever before: two Hague Conferences within the period; a Court of Arbitration established; Peace Congresses several and of several kinds; our White House Viking himself "sheathing the swords of a million men" in the Peace of Portsmouth, and winning the Nobel peace-prize for his feat; treaties of arbitration and alliance multiplying between nations abroad, with no less than four and twenty such treaties arranged between our country and others; and an International Federation of American Republics brought into being. All these things have happened within the ten years. And it is during these years of peace and things making for peace that our army budget has doubled, our navy budget has quadrupled!

What accounts for the increase? That little war at the beginning almost wholly accounts for it; a fact that raises all sorts of questions of worth-whileness, and strong suspicions of folly in the inglorious conquest and bargain of 1898. But yes or no as to that, what disproportion, under the conditions of these ten years what disproportion between the cause and the expanding consequence, between the new dangers of attack and the efforts put forth to forestall them! The sub-conscious panic in which we have lived since the days of Manila and Santiago—this sub-conscious panic, caught from the panic that is epidemic in Europe, which has so long kept the peoples there poor with the burden of standing armies, and today is driving the foremost nations of civilization into the frenzied race to outbuild each other in Dreadnaughts,—this sub-conscious panic of ours, is it sheer stupidity, or is it insanity?

Call it which we will, is the infection due to Roosevelt and his influence? To him more than to any other one man or to any ten thousand men in the country. If he has done more good than any President since Lincoln,—and I am of those who think that he has,—he is also responsible for more harm than any; and the harm has come from the cow-boy element

in him. But the anachronism and the delusion have not been alone his. Congress has shared in them, and under the Congress the people. The people, as a whole, have been with the President, accepting and approving his plea. And what is that plea? That only by preparing for war can we preserve peace; that insults are waiting, unless we go bristling in armor; that attack may at any time come, unless we forever are showing our teeth. The world is a cow-boy world to Roosevelt. This is the plea of a man undeveloped enough to fear that he cannot hold his own against insult save by his pistol and fist. And we as a people are undeveloped enough to be afraid with him. Our wide oceans afford us little protection; our fortified shores are all insufficient; our present swarms of cruisers and battle-ships too feeble and few; our freedom from traditions of hostility, such as enthrall the nations of Europe, is nothing; our freedom, too, from entangling alliances, nothing; our wealth, our resources, our recognized energy, have no barrier-force; the known certainty that we would rise as one man and again fling treasure, life, everything into resistance, if need be,—this counts as nothing at all; above all, our democratic ideals, our national behavior, our American justice, our good-will methods of dealing with other nations, have no guardian potency in them. We do not yet live in a world in which character, added to vast physical power, is the least guarantee of security. It is still a cow-boy world, and we all of us live on the frontier. Nothing, nothing, nothing but actual guns and larger guns, steel and thickening steel, powder and powder intensifying to dynamite, Dreadnaughts and ever more terrible Dreadnaughts, can, in this twentieth century of Christian civilization, save us from insult, attack and conquest. *Us,* who, with our microscopic army and minimum navy, have for a century hardly been able to know how a national insult would *feel!*

The *faithlessness* of all this in an age throbbing like ours with rising moralities, surging like ours with new international sympathies, breaking out like ours into national generosities over each other's calamities; an age that is discounting diplomacy in favor of frankness; that is shuddering at the horrors of war and rushing the Red Cross of pity to every battle-field; that is honoring honor, justifying justice, loving love, as never before in history,—the faithlessness and the moral cowardice of it, in an age like this to dare trust nothing at all to the armor of national righteousness! Is it stupidity, or is it insanity? Roosevelt's own act in returning to weakened China the over-charged indemnity millions—simple act of national ethics, of national conscience—has done more to protect and strengthen America in the Pacific, and more for the peace of the world and the future, than all the battle-ship projects of his two terms at Washington. One single act of national nobility. *That* is true leadership. *That* is the Roosevelt whom the future will honor.

The woe of the *other* Roosevelt's way of keeping the peace is tragically in evidence today. The insanity deepens and spreads as the nations indulge in it. It catches from one to another, till even the little ones have it. Our "consecrated battle-ships" go as angels of peace round the world, leaving a wake of example behind them,—and Argentina and Brazil begin to lay down new battle-ship keels; Australia and China take note; canny Japan welcomes, smiles, observes and remembers; Italy and Spain are impressed; France, Germany, England calculate harder; and America hurrahs home her angels perfected in straight-shooting and battle-maneuvres. This for America; while abroad what pathos in Europe's present predicament! The rivalry there in preserving the peace in the Roosevelt way is straining her nations to the gasp with conscription and taxes, and cluttering her harbors with battle-ships that age in five years,—each one costing a ten or twelve millions that, put into sanitation, education, internal development, would mean fortification indeed. The panic intensifies. Last month a mere stage-play sent Englishmen scurrying into their uniforms. This week a morning paper (March 16) contained an English Commission's Report, showing that in England and Wales there are 930,000 persons in receipt of poor-law relief, at a cost of $33,000,000 a year; the very next day's headlines (March 17) announced: "Britain learns Germans are building Dreadnaughts more rapidly than was imagined. Dramatic revelation in Parliament arouses and alarms the whole land. 'Small Navy' party gives in, and expenditure will be unlimited,"—and the Government is called on to decide whether it shall be four, or eight, Dreadnaughts "of the newest type, to ensure the safety of the Empire!" There, at a drop, go double the $33,000,000 in a spasm lest England's "two-power standard" be lost. Last year President Roosevelt prayed to Congress for "four additional battle-ships of the most advanced type, as a vital and immediate need, and as a measure of peace, not of war." But a writer in the *Scientific American* has just been counting up Germany's sea-guns, and warns us that "nothing short of an *annual* program of *five* Dreadnaughts can save the United States from being ousted from its naval position." America thus has been formally entered in the race that is ruining Europe. And so the madness goes merrily on. Is it stupidity, or is it insanity?

How far will it go? How far *can* it go? There must be stop somewhere. And there are but two ways to stop. One is the way of government bankruptcies, whirlwinds of war, and sheer inanition of the civilized nations; with possibility then that the world's *un*-civilization, seizing the opportunity as before, will surge and struggle again for the mastery. The other way is for the civilized peoples, with uplifted hands and solemn oaths, to bind themselves in a League of Good Faith to limit armaments, to arbitrate disputes, to rely on international courts and international police, to cease from swagger, and to trust more to forces of character. Of necessity there would be risks, as there

are in all forms of trust; but also for each such risk the protecting arm of the League. Is not this the sole other way? "But not today this!" Perhaps not; yet, after more madness and deeper exhaustion, what other way will there be than, weary and bleeding, to at last come together and covenant thus?

But today this,—were we brave! And of all the peoples, we of America, in the cool of our distance and safety, might begin tomorrow to inaugurate sanity. Is there no one yonder in Washington now, who will save us from joining in Europe's mad race, her disastrous delusion? No one to remove from the Capitol that shameful ideal so recently placed there,—of a Jesus armed to the teeth as the Prince of Peace and Good-will? No one who will bid our young nation awake to its mission, and lead the world on towards what may *deserve* the name, "Civilization?"

W. C. Gannett.

ARE YOU GETTING ANYWHERE?

You are rushing, you are straining, with a grim look on your face;
You are turning from all pleasures; in your breast peace has no place;
You have ceased to find contentment in the nooks you used to know;
You have ceased to care for others whom you clung to long ago;
You are straining, you are striving through the dark days and the fair,
But, oh, mirthless, eager brother, are you getting anywhere?

In your haste you have forgotten how to linger or to smile
When a child looks up and greets you or would claim your care awhile;
Though the wild rose sheds its petals in the lonely pasture still
And glad breezes sway the blossoms in the orchard on the hill,
You are too much in a hurry, and too occupied to care,
But, with all your grim endeavors, are you getting anywhere?

You have fled from sweet contentment; trouble haunts you in your dreams;
It is long since you have loitered on the banks of shaded streams
That go singing to the pebbles they have made so clean and white
And have polished at their leisure and their pleasure day and night;
You no longer know the solace that is in a sweet old air,
But, with all your ceaseless moiling, are you getting anywhere?

You have given up old fancies, you have left old friends behind;
You are getting rich in pocket, but are poor in heart and mind;
You have lost your sense of beauty in your haste to push ahead,
And along the ways you travel bitterness and grief are spread;
You have ceased to care how others bend beneath the woes they bear,
But, with all your cruel striving, are you getting anwhere?

Out beyond you there is silence that no man may ever wake;
In the distance there is darkness that no morning's light may break;
At the journey's end dishonor is for those who day by day
Cheat their souls and dull their senses as they rush upon the way!
You are passing many pleasures which you have the right to share,
As you rush to fill the hollow men will dig for you somewhere.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

When the last dawns are fallen on gray,
And all life's toils and ease complete,
They know who work, not they who play,
If rest is sweet. —*Dante.*

THE PULPIT

The Common Divisor of Religions

A Study by Charles E. Beals.

An art critic tells us that nothing fills so large a part in human life and thought as religion. And a philosopher affirms that our final interest is the religious. The history of the race substantiates these statements. The "God-consciousness" is in all men. Man is indeed "a religious animal," as Plato declared; "incorrigibly religious," as Carpenter describes it; "incurably religious," as Sabatier phrases his definition. In all lands and in every century, man is a worshiper. The record of the race shows

"That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened."

But there are religions many and for lack of clear understanding of what is substance and what accretion, confusion, competition and cruelties have prevailed. What is there common to all the religions? What is the essence of religion which is contained in the religions? What is this universal spirit which is trying to utter itself in all these dialects? What is the universal and abiding fact which lies back of the various and changing forms? Some one has collected "ten thousand definitions of religion." In the midst of this babel of voices, thinking men and women still ask, What is religion?

Ready-made definitions do not satisfy a scientific age. Such definitions have no greater value or authority than the fallible catechisms or systems of theology from which they are taken. The laboratory method is first to marshall the facts of human experience and then to interpret these facts. Facts first, and then theory must be the order. The spiritual consciousness of men is the material for truly scientific study.

As we study the annals of humanity we find a long line of men who have believed and taught that it is possible for man to commune with God. This belief ranges through all degrees of intellectual culture from the Greek philosopher to the American red man. Indeed, as we shall see, it is common to all religions. Plato saw that religion was likeness to God, founded on a sense of kinship between the human and divine. At the other extreme of intellectualism we find Passaconaway, a powwow, supposed, by himself and his tribesmen, to have direct communication with the Great Spirit.

The Bible abounds in instances of communion with God. Indeed the book grew out of religious experience. Men wrote down their experiences, and these records were found to be so spiritually helpful that men gathered them together and bound the best of them into a single volume. The Bible's great value is that it shows us how "holy men of old" found God. The Old Testament is full of religious communion. Abraham and Moses and Elijah and Isaiah and David knew God "face to face." The New Testament, even more than the Old, rings with the note of vital spiritual communion. Jesus changed the center of religion from external to interior experience, censuring the Pharisees for their lack of inner light. John and Paul were mystics (in the true and better sense).

Early Christianity, too, was marked by a conscious-

ness of the continued spiritual presence of the Lord. This was the secret of the wonderful growth and irresistible advance of the early church. Monica, dying, spoke of "life in God and union there." Her great son, Augustine, wrote a large part of his immortal *Confessions* in the form of a conversation with God. So manifest was the divine spirit in the life of Ignatius of Antioch that he was called *Theophoros—the God-bearer*. Unhappily the outward victory of the church over the state in Constantine's time really was a great defeat, for it marked the beginning of the loss of vital inner human experience.

The great saints, devotional writers and hymnists have laid little emphasis on dogma. Their theme has been communion with God. This is why such writings are timeless and permanent. Dogma changes with each advancing generation. But moral oneness with God is a thing to be striven for in every age. Hence such a book as Thomas a Kempis' *Imitation of Christ* is read by Catholic and Protestant alike. Jeremy Taylor has given us a phrase which already has outlived several systems of theology—"The Practice of the Presence of God." Personally, I have found the writings of Madame Guyon, Fenelon, and Prof. T. C. Upham, exceedingly helpful. So, too, the great hymns live because they speak the universal language. Hymns, therefore, are a better expression of religious life than theological systems. In them heart speaks to heart, "deep calleth unto deep."

To the mystics the world owes an incalculable debt. By mystics, of course, we mean those who hold that a man may become, in very truth, a "partaker of the divine nature," so that "God ceases to be an object and becomes an experience." Mysticism has its dangers and often has run wild into grievous excesses and abuses. But these can be explained and guarded against, and, as Professor Coe declares, "in spite of its excesses and misunderstood psychology, mysticism contains the sound kernel of Christianity and of all religion." Sabatier intimates that if one would trace the course of true religion through history, he must follow the stream of mysticism which flows through the world. Mysticism bursts the shell of dogma. It will not tolerate formalism. The mystic has no use for the Bible unless he can get back of the Bible to the experience which the book describes. To name some of the great mystics is to get into the very heart of the history of vital religion. Consider Tauler and Eckhart and "The Friends of God." There was Jacob Boehme, who cried out, "I do not need their ways and formulæ." There was Paul Gerhardt, "prince of German hymnists," who put into song what he experienced in his heart. There was Jacobi with his daring faith. There were the godly Herrnhutters whose protest against the externality of orthodoxy was an inwardness which places the life higher than the letter. There were also Weiszel and Lorenti, with their beautiful hymns, and John Wessel, and scores of others.

The Protestant Reformation came as a protest against the formalism and spiritual deadness into which the church had fallen. A writer has recently analyzed Protestantism as "a religion of immediacy." It passes over the external and secondary to the personal religious experience and to the witness of God in the soul to self." Luther regarded personal experience as the foundation of real religion. According to Zwingli, authority resides not in the church but in experience. And bold John Knox "exalted the Spirit of God above the authority of Councils or Fathers, and Christ above the means of grace."

Yet Protestantism only reiterated the faith of early Catholicism. If, as Catholics say, the church was built on Peter the man, it should be remembered that it was upon a man of spiritual perception that the church was built. But the sad fact is that the church, instead of continuing to be a body of men and women of living faith and moral vision, in due time came to be an ecclesiastical machine. Protestantism was a demand for a restoration of primitive Catholicism. Its message was personal communion with God through obedience to Christ, such a communion as Peter possessed when he made his memorable confession. Thus, as it seems to me, both Catholicism and Protestantism, before they became case-hardened, originally stood for one and the same thing—communion with God.

Just as Judaism degenerated into ritualism, and just as Catholicism had ceased to be a religion of real use and had become a religion of usage, so, later, Protestantism, in its turn, fell a prey to the danger which besets all institutions. It substituted, or accepted, form in place of vitality, mechanism for a spiritual power. And so, just as Christianity had arisen as a protest against Pharisaism, and just as Protestantism was born as a protest against a morally devitalized Catholicism, so in due time, as a protest against a worldly and degenerate Protestantism, came English Puritanism, the Great Awakening in America under Jonathan Edwards, the widespread Weslevan movement on both sides of the Atlantic, Quakerism and the rebirth of theology and religion in Germany under Schleiermacher.

The essence of Puritanism was its insistence on the possibility of direct intercourse between man and God. The Puritans were thus mystics. The influence of English Puritanism was immense, incalculable, as Green has pointed out in his admirable chapters in his *History of the English People*.

The Great Awakening in America, out of which grew so many colleges, churches, and the elevation of moral standards, was born of a conviction in the mind of Jonathan Edwards of an immediate action of the divine spirit upon the human soul.

Similar in spirit and message, though with a more exuberant gladness, was the great Wesleyan movement in Great Britain and America. Methodism's basal principle is Christian experience. Its distinctive doctrine is "the witness of the spirit." By its hymns of glad assurance it sang its way into the hearts of millions.

Quakerism, in its doctrine of "the inner light," proclaims the same message. George Fox affirmed that "though he read of Christ and God, he knew them only from a like spirit in his own soul." Is not this the very quintessence of religion? So, too, Barclay said that "God hath placed his Spirit in every man to inform him of his duty and to enable him to do it." So, in like faith, Mr. Whittier sweetly sings of the Christ,

> "In works we do, in prayers we pray,
> Life of our life, He lives to-day."

Some one has said that modern Germany dates from the religious revival under Schleiermacher. What was the dominant note in Schleiermacher's preaching? This—"the heart makes the theologian." Schleiermacher had been profoundly influenced by the pious Herrnhuters and held that the religious sense was as trustworthy as the logical faculty. Hence his ever repeated plea was for openness to God.

When we study the religious experiences and pulpit utterances of the great theologians and preachers,

we find that their central message was none other than communion with God. In England, Robertson, of Brighton, preached that "Christ is the voice of God *without* a man; the Spirit is the voice of God *within* a man." Jowett, the great scholar and preacher, points out that "from within, not from without, is one made aware of the purpose of God respecting himself." A living British preacher, Rhonddha Williams, speaks of a soul in contact with God.

Horace Bushnell, the daring pioneer of modern American theology, has left a sermon on "The Immediate Knowledge of God." This was the keynote of Dr. Bushnell's teachings. Henry Ward Beecher's testimony as to the inflooding of the spirit of God into his life falls little short of the startling. Dr. Amory H. Bradford publishes a volume on "The Inward Light," and Dr. Washington Gladden one on "Where Does the Sky Begin." Phillips Brooks possessed the God-consciousness in an unusual degree. What made him the great preacher was simply this, that he turned over his own heart experiences and gave them to his hearers. And he did not weary of urging his hearers "never to be satisfied with anything less than God. Have your own soul get at him and hear his voice," he would say.

Turning to the psychologists and philosophers we find such men as Stanley Hall and Starbuck and Coe, who follow the strictly scientific method, basing their conclusions upon investigated experiences, and declaring that "immanence looks in the direction of mysticism." Prof. Ladd thinks that God is best sought and most surely found in oneself. Dr. Bowne writes a book on "The Immanence of God" in which he declares that it is literally true that "in God we live and move and have our being." Even so doughty and agile a philosophical gymnast as Prof. William James goes so far as to say, "I myself believe that the evidence for God lies primarily in our inner personal experiences."

"Christian Science" seems to have for its central tenet the same principle, namely, the possibility of the human soul merging itself in the great divine Soul. The "New Thought," too, as set forth in the writings of Ralph Waldo Trine, Lilian Whiting and others, reiterates this same central teaching—contact, or interblending, with God.

Not least important, and certainly not least interesting, is the testimony of the poets, whose function it is to "see into the life of things." Tennyson is very explicit. He sings, "Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet, Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

Browning may be regarded as a prophet of the spiritual. In his *Death in the Desert* he insists that evidence must rest not on externals, but on internal evidence.

After this extended survey, which might be lengthened indefinitely, we are ready to agree with Professor Ladd that every religion is a revelation according to its devotees. In other words each of the religions accepts the validity of religious experience. In this direct communion with God is the one thing that is common to all the religions, their common divisor. Can we escape the conclusion, therefore, that the very heart of essential religion consists in a union of the human soul with the divine soul, a merging of the human in the divine personality? As Hugh Black puts it, "The heart of all spiritual religion is communion, and the aim of all high faith is communion." Religion is nothing less than "the life of God in the soul of man."

Did space permit, it would be profitable to point out that such communion is realized through moral loyalty. If we live according to the teachings of Jesus and thus abide in his word, (John 8:31, 32), presently we shall come to know for ourselves the truth or falsity of his way of living. So that, from being mere imitators of Jesus, we shall soon come to be discoverers of God and find our souls in contact with him from within, or, as the old mystics described it, "God ceases to be an object and becomes an experience." So shall we be "new-born bards of the Holy Ghost," and able to "acquaint men at first hand with Deity" [Emerson]. Let us then highly resolve to know God for ourselves, through moral loyalty and social services. Then shall we be able to say:

"In my selfhood I strive
So to embody the life and the love thou ever impartest
That in my sphere of the finite, I may be truly alive."

The price of such communion, such realization of "conjunct personality" with the divine, is singleness of purpose, absolute sincerity, an out and out dedication of self to service and goodness and God.

"For if thy chosen ones would gaze on thee,
No earthly screen
Between their souls and thee must intervene."

The pure in heart shall see God. But

"Pure by impure is not seen."

A Word on Church Clinics.

Psychotherapy has in the past been largely in the hands of medical quacks; there is now danger that it will become the plaything of ecclesiastical quacks. There is a place for "mental healing" in the world, but its function is limited; its application belongs to the specialist; its use, to be beneficial, should be as quiet and unobtrusive as possible.

The forces which underlie psychotherapy are elusive, mysterious and subtile; and because of this fact, all experiments along this line involve great dangers. The normal balance and proper relation of our psychic and physiological apparatus, so delicate and responsive, may very easily be upset and deranged; and then follow in quick succession, the morbid, the erratic, the immoral. An unusual psychic strain, a functional disturbance, a deflection of feeling into strange channels, a prolonged introspection, an unwholesome scrutiny of our mysterious mechanism, a careless toying with those impulses that lie about the borders of sexual instinct,—and then untold injury comes, swift and inevitable. The harm done by ignorant experimenters with the "X ray" is only a faint indication of what will issue from a careless use of psychotherapy. These evils begin to show themselves here in Boston. There has been more morbid feeling, thinking, and talking about "disease" in this city during the last three years under the curious spell of the "Emmanuel Movement" than in any previous twenty years. A generation of children brought up in these unwholesome neurotic conditions will show deterioration.

As a matter of fact, the saner advocates of pyschotherapy in our midst have begun to realize the perils of the situation, and a reaction has already set in among the more thoughtful. The pressure of these and other facts has led Emmanuel Church to abandon the "open clinic": unexpected results will follow every such enterprise. The action of Bishop Nichols of California at a recent meeting of the Protestant Epis-

copal Convention in San Francisco points in the same direction. He listened with becoming respect to all that Dr. Worcester said upon the subject; but when the time to do something came, instead of advising his clergy to set up "church clinics," he appointed a committee of physicians to see what could be done to add such a department to their hospital! A wise leader indeed! He put the whole matter where it belongs: in the hospital. It is interesting to note in this connection (to mention only one illustrative fact), that Michigan has had for some years a fully equipped "Psychopathic Hospital" in connection with the medical department of its great university.

Let me briefly state a few of the most prominent dangers incident to this movement:

1. The chief reliance of the "church clinic" in the practice of psychotherapy is upon hypnotism. But the one thing that becomes clearer and clearer as the years pass is that the practice of hypnotism is very dangerous. On the whole, it is likely to aggravate rather than to alleviate diseased conditions. Its apparent cures are, in many cases, not permanent. The remedy is also often more harmful than the disease to which it is applied. It unhinges the nervous organism and produces morbid results in body and mind. For the minister to give himself to hypnotizing his parishioners is dangerous to himself and harmful to his people. This means a perversion of religion and a surrender of the true work of the church. To call this work "deeply religious" is to ignore all the glorious oracles and gracious ministries of the gospel. To prattle platitudes about "the sub-conscious" is no substitute for the Beatitudes. To put hysterical patients into a hypnotic sleep is no substitute for Jesus' call to repentance and righteousness. To indulge in the legerdemain of "suggestion" is no substitute for the glorious gospel of the blessed God! These new practices do not represent the evolution of humanity but a reversion to lower conditions.

2. The "church clinic" represents a lapse into arid mysticism which is unfortunate and harmful. This result is evidently not the intent of many who begin work along this line. But it is the inevitable result of such experiments. The tide carries these advocates of psychotherapy farther than they intended to go. A careful study of the world's epidemics of a similar character shows that this is always the case. What starts as a mere experiment or innocent practice becomes often a destructive delusion. We frequently see this tendency exemplified in individuals. They begin merely to play with some opinion that is strange and peculiar, and soon we find that they have succumbed to the morbid and the fantastic: the sane outlook upon life has been abandoned and they drift as derelicts without the guidance of sane rationality. It is dangerous to surrender reason and plunge into the fog in any department of life.

What is painfully noticeable to the close student of those who have given themselves to this new cult is the growing tendency in them (of which they themselves are unconscious), to delight in the mysterious, the marvelous, the occult. They lust for the strange, the unusual, the morbid, the mystical. Their hold upon sober realities is lessened; their vision is clouded; their responsiveness to reason diminished and their intellectual power destroyed. This indulgence in mysticism soon exaggerates the miracles of Jesus, and the tendency is to lose sight of everything in his ministry except his healing, which at first were mere incidents in his great life work. Their results are destructive of true science and pure Christianity. Their thrusting of mysticism into the foreground is as destructive of scientific progress as their overemphasis of disease is subversive of Christian nurture. The one unfits for research, the other for spirituality, and both for rational evolution.

This lapse into therapeutic mysticism is certainly no prophylactic against Christian Science. The "church clinic" will prove, in the end, no competitor but rather an aider and abettor of that spiritual blight and intellectual nihilism. What a curious age this is when the praises of Darwin, who stood supremely for clear vision and open mind, mingle with the despotic utterances of an ignorant woman who warns her disciples that even to look into a certain book will subject them to dismissal for immorality! Here is intellectual tyranny that overtops the Pope as Mount Shasta dwarfs the foothills! And yet people put their necks under this yoke of mental bondage and call themselves "scientists"! Even a credulous world will not long endure such slavery: the demand is excessive and it will breed rebellion.

Those who establish the "church clinic" because something must be done to circumvent "Christian Science" little realize what they are doing. We cannot stamp out small-pox by putting on the infected garments of the patient who has the disease. We cannot emancipate people from the delusion of Christian Science by plunging into the same bottomless sea of mysticism. To practice hypnotism and exaggerate the healing miracles of Jesus is not an effective cure of "Eddyism." What is needed is the appeal to reality, the scientific temper, the sane and comprehensive view of life: a science and a Christianity that admit the existence of sin and sickness, and a state and a church that establish sanitation and practice sympathy. To attempt to run the world an hour on the principles of Christian Science would destroy civilization; it cannot be translated into life. Its cure does not lie in a pale imitation instituted to attract the people back into the church; the effective remedy lies in plainer speaking and in protective education, that shall forewarn and forearm the soul against this and all similar delusions.

Moreover, to establish the "church clinic," or any other agency, as a policy-measure, in order to win the people to the church, is suicidal. The church has not made its way in the world by simply trying to please the masses. All this talk,—"We must do something to hold the people,"—is vicious and harmful. Hold the people by the Christ-life! Let the man who boasts, "I have filled up my church by use of psychotherapy," wait a year and carefully note what then fills his people!

3. The most serious objection to psychotherapy as practiced in the "church clinic" is the inevitable tendency to break down individuality. And on this account, it is most unfortunate that the ministers of our Liberal Churches (Unitarian and Universalist) should so far disown their spiritual birthright as to participate in a movement that destroys one of the fundamental principles of rational Christianity. It has been the ambition of our great leaders to build up a form of religious life that should make men and women independent and self-reliant, with no cringing servility to faith or form simply because ancient or established. They have tried to rescue the individual soul from subserviency to venerable tradition and outward authority. Our great prophets, from Channing to Martineau, from Emerson to Parker, have

called to people: Use your own eyes, look directly at the facts, listen to reason and conscience, respect yourself, stand upon your feet, develop your powers, be yourself: these were the oracles that moved and inspired our fathers in the faith. These have been great words of liberty, power, and progress. The complete emancipation of the individual that he in turn may do the best for the whole community: this has been the Liberal watchword and ideal,—the source of our influence and the measure of our happiness.

But now comes the practitioner of psychotherapy and sets up a neurotic confessional, calling to all the afflicted sons and daughters of man, to the morbid and melancholy, to the mystical and miserable, to the erratic and hysterical: "Come in and let me hypnotize you. I will put you under the influence of my stronger will. I will make suggestions to you and you will do as I bid you. I will lay hold of your 'sub-conscious' life and direct your actions. By submitting to my control you will cease to have any pain or worry. Just resign yourself to me and I will show you how to live. Put yourself wholly in my keeping and I will heal you of all diseases and infirmities."

This is the substance of the new gospel; but it is not a wholesome gospel. It is not the gospel that has made Liberal Christianity great and beneficent. And any Liberal minister who rushes into this psychotherapy and boasts that he has found in it something vastly more spiritual than his former faith shows one of two things: either a lamentable ignorance of our rational gospel or a total misconception of what true spirituality really is. This is a denial and perversion of all the great principles of the "Liberal Gospel." That meant independence, this means self-surrender to an external control. That meant intellectual alertness, this means hypnotic effacement. That meant rational power, this means somnolent surrender. That meant individual expansion, this means personal extinction. That meant power of will, this means paralysis of volition. That meant walking on our own feet, this means a mere hobbling on the "suggestions" of another as on crutches.

This practice of self-effacement, of living under the spell of another, of slavishly obeying the suggestions of another, of becoming mere putty in the hands of another, this is dangerous to operator and patient. And out of "church clinics," as such neurotic confessionals, with the tow and tinder of animal instinct, will come more than the smoke of torment: even domestic and social disintegration. It is not safe to train people to surrender themselves to the will of another even to escape a pain or a sorrow. Better a throbbing head and an independent reason than hypnotic sleep and a crippled will. Better the worst pain and self-reliance than a deadened toothache and a puppet life in servile obedience to some one's suggestion. Better a terrible heartache resolutely borne with personal independence kept intact than any condition of drowsy peace purchased by self-effacement.

There are other serious objections to the "church clinic" besides these that have just been presented. Many of these have been ably set forth by various writers, and some of them I have myself described on former occasions. But I present the above considerations as worthy of serious attention. Perhaps they may be of special interest to some readers because the discussion runs along lines that are somewhat new.

JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE

Hard-Working Pastor and People

[In the absence of the Senior Editor of Unity the office force lets the following kindly word from an old friend of Unity slip into its columns.]

Fifty years in the ministry gave me a large acquaintance with preachers in all the different churches, Orthodox and Liberal, Independent, and the Jewish Rabbis. The result of all this is a feeling that ministers as a class are sincere, high-minded, worthy and hard-working servants of the public, and are worthy of the high esteem in which they are so generally held.

When I came to Chicago more than thirty years ago, the Liberal pulpits were ably filled; their pastors were among the most popular in the city. There was Dean Robert Collyer that everybody loved; and the strong and dignified Dr. Ryder; and later came the loving Dr. Sumner Ellis, Brooke Herford and others.

Back in those years, Jenkin Lloyd Jones was a young man and just beginning the small work of All Souls Church, and, of course, was not widely known. But he stuck to it, worked night and day, as the years came and went; the little church grew slowly, but steadily, until now it is large in many ways, and Brother Jones is the most widely known preacher and pastor in Chicago.

Of all the many preachers I have known, the most incessant and tireless worker is Jenkin Lloyd Jones; and, of course, he has a working church. It is safe to say that Lincoln Centre is carrying forward more forms of active achievement than any other church in the city. And not only this, Brother Jones is more largely related to the many interests, social and moral, of Chicago, than almost any other pastor; and in all these his church stands by him. There are older, larger and stronger churches; but Lincoln Centre is the hardest working church; it is not a wealthy church, but, of course, is growing in property. It is distinctively a working church; working in all possible ways.

How this incessant worker in doing things finds time to read and study is a marvel; and yet he does; his sermons are evidence of this; and he is at home in all the great questions of these wonderful years.

But the laws of physiology and psychology call for rest as well as work. The Lincoln celebration was the finest of anything in Chicago, but after this great achievement we were all glad that Brother Jones and his church are taking a short rest. The tomorrows will be busy.

H. W. THOMAS.

DeFuniak Springs, Fla.

A Correction

Editor UNITY:

Dear Friend: May I ask the favor of a correction? Owing probably to my poor penmanship, a few vexatious misprints have crept into my article on "Brewers as Friends of the Bible" (UNITY for March 25), to three of which I would like to call attention.

On page 476, column second, line four, paragraph second, "sluice" should be *slime*: "slime of vice." Eleven lines below, "rat" should be *vat*: the "malster's vat." In the seventeenth line on the next page, every reader will recognize "principal" as a misprint for "principle."

Yours,

J. H. CROOKER.

Boston, March 27.

The Responsibility of Well-to-Do Women for Social Unrest

To the economic theories which deal with the distribution of wealth, few of us, men or women, can contribute. But to the actual, personal unrest of the individuals who make up the menacing mass of discontent, every one of us is in some practical relation, more or less close. By all sorts of devices, some of them artificial enough, social workers struggle to bring about a better understanding between "classes." But straight from our homes, in the ordinary, natural, unconscious working of their everyday activities, go influences which are communicated far along the line, to the less prosperous, to the poor, to the really wretched.

Homes themselves have an individuality. One emanates an atmosphere of indifference and contempt, another of friendliness and good cheer. The very delivery boys that come to the door know the difference. There are homes where the washerwoman of alien race and faith loves to work, where she shares her experience in the management of mischievous boys with her employer in that genuine community of interest which forbids both patronage and obsequiousness. Multiply such homes, as they might be multiplied if all women realized their value, and you multiply centers of social stability, bulwarks against social disorder. "There would be no need of settlement work," Jane Addams is reported to have said, "if all the homes did their duty."

The discontent—the unreasonable, ungrateful discontent—of the well-to-do themselves is both contagious and embittering. Said a young mother who was scrub woman, cook, nurse, milliner and dressmaker for her family, matching a small salary against city prices, "When I hear women complain that they get 'so tired' standing up to try on their dresses, I don't have much sympathy for them," and the angry gleam in her eye showed that lack of sympathy was a mild term to characterize her feelings.

The tactlessness of well-to-do women is amazing along these lines. One hears them complaining of their trials with servants to women who can't afford any; of their social obligations to women who are never invited out; of the time they must devote to the dentist to women who see themselves growing ugly for want of his kindly aid; of the labor of closing the house for the summer to women whose vacation means one lone day at the beach; of the care of chaperoning their daughters to women whose girls must spend the bright days of youth behind counters. True, this is not all querulousness. Part of it is an instinctive desire to apologize for our prosperity, to explain that we are not so outrageously comfortable as we seem, perhaps even to bring ourselves more nearly to the level of the person we are talking with. But it seldom accomplishes that end. The less favored woman always feels that she would be quite willing to get on with its thorns if she could have our rose. Of course she reflects, too, that if we disparage our own lot so, we must feel utter contempt for hers. Our ostentatious discontent is really an affront to her.

Phillips Brooks has a wise and helpful suggestion for this, as for so many other current problems: "Sometimes it seems well to tell privileged people that they must not think about their privileges. But today I beg you to think about them very earnestly. Own the great truths concerning them. Own your place with that frank acceptance of the facts of life which is the only real humility, and then let your privilege solemnize you." And he adds, "Men are not jealous of privilege if privilege is only worthy of its privileges."

Positive occasions for estrangement of feeling between richer and poorer are numerous enough. The conservatism which makes many women more penurious in paying for service than for anything else, and their dilatoriness about settling such dues, have been often commented on. But where pride and sensitiveness play so large a part as they must in democracy, it may be that offenses against good manners count for more still. The Sunday-school scholar was not far from the root of the matter who answered the question, "How can we best help the poor?" "By not looking down on them." That large-hearted novelist, William Dean Howells, makes it a law of his Altruria that each individual shall be compelled to do everything for himself so that he may have no temptation to despise any one else for doing it for him. Children are perversely slow in learning "the dignity of labor," and many a rag collector and odd-jobs man whom teasing boys have badgered at his work must carry away a sense of indignation and outrage for which the money in his pocket is scant compensation. And is it not creditable to him that he does?

Well-dressed women often show a superciliousness in public places that is extremely offensive, not to say un-American. If a woman cannot settle herself into a seat without glancing about her, with the air of thinking only two or three people in the car the sort for her to sit beside, she ought either to ride in her own carriage or go afoot, and she cannot blame her fellow-passengers if they pray Fate to confront her with the latter alternative.

But to pass to the brighter aspects of the subject. The personal relations into which women are naturally thrown give opportunities for interpretative social work of the highest value. Sordid stories reach us through our kitchens now and then, no doubt, but those are not the stories to remember and put into circulation. "If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise"—and there is! By our back doors come into our houses, if our ears are alert, incidents of self-sacrifice, courage and endurance that would ennoble any walk of life.

We hear of the bride who sets herself to save enough from her husband's wages to take them both home for a visit to the mother whom he left nine years before in the old country; of the hard-working woman who stints herself to provide "near-by hennery eggs" for the sick boarder; of the laundress whose devotion to her feeble-minded brother shuts up her youth within as narrow bounds as any in Miss Jewett's or Miss Wilkins' stories; of the laborer who had laid in his supply of coal before the great strike, and now insists on sharing it with his friends at no more than the price he paid for it. Simple, every-day glimpses we get, too, of the love between parents and children, husbands and wives, not remarkable in any way, but the touches of nature that makes the whole world kin. Is it not, really, the keener sense of this kinship that society needs most?—*Lily Rice Foxcroft.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

INDEPENDENT RELIGIOUS SOCIETY:
"The Truth About Jesus. Is He a Myth?" By M. M. Mangasarian. 204 pp.

FORBES & COMPANY:
"Happy School Days." By Margaret E. Sangster. 271 pp. Price, $1.25.

GEORGE H. ELLIS COMPANY:
"Heart and Voice." A Collection of Songs and Services for Sunday-school and Home. Foreword by Charles W. Wendte. 347 pp.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Laughter is sunshine; it chases winter from the human face.
MON.—A man is not idle because he is absorbed in thought. There is a visible labor and there is an invisible labor.
TUES.—There are instincts for all the crises of life.
WED.—Faith is a necessity for man.
THURS.—Woe to him who believes nothing.
FRI.—We believe in the poverty of orisons and the sublimity of prayer.
SAT.—There is grandeur in taking a stern error for duty.
—*Victor Hugo.*

PUSSIE WILLOW'S ANSWER.

O Pussie, Pussie, so gaily swinging
  Upon the topmost, greenest twig,
You seem as blithe and light and happy
  As maddest, merriest little grig.
I wish I, too, with you were swaying,
  Now up, now down, and to and fro;
In elfin cradle, gently rocking,
  The while the froggies sing below.

How bright about you beams the sunshine;
  How crisp and tonic is the air;
Now Pussie, Pussie, tell me truly,
  How did you ever get up there?
I know how perfectly enticing
  Is the prospect that you joy to see;
But you've no waving wings to fly with
  And land you in the willow tree.

Of course, 'twas darksome, sad and chilly
  Down in that clammy, damp earth-slime;
And when each neighbor stem was sprouting
  You, too, would wish aloft to climb.
Beneath the bark, from lowest rootlet,
  Up, up you crawled with never a guide,
But, Pussie, tell me, tell me truly,
  How did you ever get inside?

Perhaps you'll ask me how the chestnuts
  Got in beneath the horny bark?
How sap runs uphill, and brute matter
  Wakes up to life. Isn't that as dark?
Well, yes, I fear that too is a puzzle,
  Each plainest thing's a mystery.
Who knows how muck is changed to blossom,
  Or sunflower twists the sun to see?

Let us tell Pussie how baby liplet,
  Untaught, will nestle, the breast to find;
How will moves hand, heart thrills with passion,
  What power in its cords the comets bind.
It's simple as life; as deep as Godhead.
  Go tell it to Pussie nor seek to hide.
Then Pussie will tell us and tell all the children
  How there in the willow she got inside.

JAMES THOMPSON BIXBY.

In A Shabby Parlor.

"It was a pleasant room, certainly,—there was sunlight, and a window-box in blossom, and the chairs were comfortable,—but—well—I'm sure I appreciate Mrs. Winn's wish to do her share, but it wasn't really necessary to have the committee meet there, you know; and perhaps by waiting a year she would have had things freshened up.

"The paper was so faded there was no pattern left, and you couldn't help seeing darns on the sofa cover, and there was a pile of books arranged to cover a burned place in the table-cloth,—men always *do* drop matches about; I can sympathize with her,—and, my dear, the one new-looking rug was all sprinkled with black, and Mrs. Winn caught me looking at it,—of course I said what a pity such a pretty rug should have met with an accident,—and she laughed as if she didn't care a mite, and said Jessie did that pounding her fountain pen when she was doing a thesis; but what did it matter as long as the thesis got a marginal indorsement from the professor, 'Thoroughly well done'?

"I dare say it was; but if *my* daughter had spoiled a new rug of mine when I couldn't afford another—but there, it's no use talking! Some people are too fussy, I suppose, and some are too easy-going, and Eleanor Winn is one of them. I don't believe she *minds* her house being shabby. I don't even believe she minds when people notice it is."

"That's rather fine, isn't it?" queried one of the listeners, thoughtfully. "At least, if the shabbiness is the well-worn and well-kept kind, without untidiness. I'm afraid it is beyond me to be quite comfortable when my household possessions need renovating, and I have to put up with shabby old things because I can't afford new ones; but beside Mrs. Winn's way of taking it, at least I've the grace to feel petty."

"I was at the meeting, too," put in the second listener, quietly, "and I noticed the shabbiness; but I thought the room charming. Artists always admire the soft, faded colors of hard-worn peasant costumes, you know, and delight in painting them. They say there's a harmony and a character about them that new clothes couldn't possibly have. I thought it was the same with Mrs. Winn's parlor; its shabbiness was so clean, so characteristic, so homely and so full of welcome, I thought it lovely!"

"Lovely!" echoes the first speaker, in amazement. She reflected, and added with a laugh, "No, I won't pretend to agree; I didn't think it lovely, and I don't. But I'll admit one thing: everybody seemed particularly at home and cheerful and sociable there, and we had the best meeting of the year, so perhaps it's as well she invited us, after all."—*Youth's Companion.*

For the Doctors

"I can't stand this any longer, doctor," said the nervous woman. "If the patient in the next room to mine, No. 22, doesn't keep quiet at night I must change my room or leave the sanitarium altogether."

"What's the trouble?" asked the physician.

"She has one of these squeaky old wooden bedsteads, and every time she turns over it awakens me. Last night she did nothing but toss to and fro, and I didn't get a single wink of sleep."

"I'll see to that at once," he assured her. "A woman in your condition certainly must have absolute quiet at night. I'll have the patient in No. 22 sleep on the roof. The fresh air will be better for her, anyway."

The next morning the nervous woman appeared in the consultation room of the sanitarium in radiant mood.

"How did you sleep?" asked the doctor.

"Perfectly," she replied; "I'm so much obliged to you. It made a great difference."

"I knew it would," he said gravely.

He was telling the truth, because he knew the power of the imagination in disease, especially of the nerves. As a matter of fact, No. 22 had not been occupied at night for three weeks. The patient had been sleeping on the roof all the time.—*New York Tribune.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES.

SUFFRAGIST AND SUFFRAGETTE.—Jeanne E. Schmahl, in *La Francaise*, draws this interesting distinction between these two:

"While the woman suffragist of bourgeois extraction, as we know her to-day, is distinctly a product of the new intellectual education, a creature of the present civilization, the ancestry of the suffragette, on the contrary, may be traced back to remote periods of history.

"Wherever suffering humanity, becoming conscious of its rights, has rebelled against injustice and oppression, these women have always been found in the ranks of the innovators, and men have never refused them a place at the post of danger, even in the bloodiest days of revolution. Nor has the heroic woman of the people ever hesitated to march side by side with him who was risking his life for liberty. She who is so impassioned, devoted, uplifted, and self-sacrificing, is essentially a proletarian.

"Sprung from the heart of the people, product of that environment which generates the artistic, poetic, enthusiastic gifts, which produces the innovator, the inventor, the reformer, the suffragette is of the lineage of those who joined Spartacus and his band; who hailed the Christ and followed him, and wept for him; of those who, in the times of civil war and popular uprisings, took up arms, and by their bravery sustained the courage of the combatants; of those, too, who in their certitude of the immortality of the Republic, saluted liberty and were willing to die for it.

"One finds this same woman also concerned in the early socialist movements, in Chartism in England, in the insurrection at Lyons, the days of June, and the tragic events of the Commune.

"This prototype of the suffragette appears to us clothed in the charm that is lent by legend and by distance; the suffragette herself seems less dramatic in certain of her demonstrations, her attitude even borders on the ridiculous, but the future no doubt will attend to glorifying her part in the great campaign of emancipation that the women of to-day are waging.

"Yet her contemporaries, for the most part, condemn her manifestations, her turbulence and her extravagances; the most ardent feminists dread the unfortunate consequences which may result from these untimely demonstrations, street disorders not being in themselves irrefutable arguments.

"It must, nevertheless, be admitted that there are cases where certain demonstrations on the public highway are useful, as, for instance, when it is desirable to impress an authority to whom evidence of a higher order does not appeal, by peaceable processions, showing the number and worth of those demanding the reform, or when it is a matter of firing the popular imagination, which purely intellectual arguments do not touch. These demonstrations should be such as to carry convictions, but to arrange for the calm and methodical employment of legal means requires just the qualities which the suffragette does not ordinarily possess.

"Enthusiastic and bellicose, intuitive and impulsive, enamoured of reform and renovation, she knows no other way than to throw herself in the path of danger, believing, with the mysticism of the martyrs, that at the cost of dire perils to herself she may buy the freedom of women in the centuries to come."

M. E. H.

THE SHADOW-CHILD.

Why do the wheels go whirring round,
Mother, mother?
Oh, mother, are they giants bound,
And will they growl forever?
Yes, fiery giants underground,
Daughter, little daughter,
Forever turn the wheels around,
And rumble, grumble ever.

Why do I pick the threads all day,
Mother, mother,
While sunshine children are at play?
And must I work forever?
Yes, shadow-child; the live-long day,
Daughter, little daughter,
Your hands must pick the threads away,
And feel the sunshine never.

Why do the birds sing in the sun,
Mother, mother,
If all day long I run and run—
Run with the wheels forever?
The birds may sing till day is done,
Daughter, little daughter,
But with the wheels your feet must run—
Run with the wheels forever.

Why do I feel so tired each night,
Mother, mother?
The wheels are always buzzing bright;
Do they grow sleepy never?
Oh, baby thing, so soft and white,
Daughter, little daughter,
The big wheels grind us in their might,
And they will grind forever.

And is the white thread never spun,
Mother, mother?
And is the white cloth never done—
For you and me done never?
Oh, yes, our thread will all be spun,
Daughter, little daughter,
When we lie down out in the sun,
And work no more forever.

And when will come that happy day,
Mother, mother?
Oh, shall we laugh and sing and play
Out in the sun forever?
Nay, shadow-child, we'll rest all day,
Daughter, little daughter,
Where green grass grows and roses gay,
There in the sun forever.

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